

The VVhigg's Defeat:

O R, *The Mystery of Iniquity laid open.*

Being a pleasant New Song by way of *Dialogue*,
between *WHIGG* and *TORY*.

The Tune is, *A Fig for France.*

Tory.

NOW now you sneaking *Whigs* 'tis plain,
your wickedness is brought to light,
And all your Projects are in vain,
E'en maugre all your Factious spight:
Although that you hate Loyalty,
we still to serve our King are bent,
And with one mind we all will strive,
your *Whiggish* mischief to prevent.

Whigg.

Nay *Tory*, not so rash I pray,
against the Brethren, for you know,
There was a time you durst not say,
what in our teeth you'r pleas'd to throw
When all the Game went on our side,
when we were stil'd the only Men,
And 'twas but getting up and Ride,
alas! where were you *Tories* then?

Tory.

You did Rebell against a Prince,
more Great & Just the world ne'r knew
To Murther and Rob Innocence,
and all in Blood three Nations brew'd
This was the Cursed *Good Old Cause*,
to pull down Monarchy and Laws;
And now you squint upon the Fate,
and would be acting *Forty-Eight*.

VVhigg.

'Twas *Popery* we did detest,
to root that out was all our aim,
Though some Men farther went at last,
for which we did them greatly blame:
A Reformation 'twas we sought,
but prethee tell me once agen,
When we on *Cock-a-Hoop* had got,
where were you Blustering *Tories* then?

Tory.

We held out Loyal to the last,
nor did we flinch for any fear;
Our Lives and Fortunes we did waste,
under the Name of *Cavaleer*:
Until by your curst Villany
the best of Kings to slaughter went,
And now we with one voice do cry,
such *VVhiggish* mischief to prevent.

VVhigg.

But *Tory* that is now forgot,
we since have prov'd us honest men,
Which may wipe off that fatal Blot,
which so the *Good Old Cause* did stain:
You know we Loyalty express;
resist the Whore of *Babylon*,
But O could we our wish possess,
alack for you poor *Tories* then.

Tory.

That Crime's forgot, and are you grown
so Loyal *VVhigg*, as now you say?
Has not your Loyalty been shown
of late, *The c'ean Contrary way*?
In your *Cabals* don't you inveigh,
against the best of Government,
Make sower faces, and oft pray,
for *Forty-One's Rump-Parliament*?

That you might Plunder honest Men,
Ravish and Murther without Lett,
That *Coblers* might be Lords again,
and *Brittain's* Glory once more set:
To crush the neck of Loyalty;
but Heaven does frustrate their intent,
Long live the King is all our cry,
no *Forty-One Rump-Parliament*.

VVhigg.

Well, now I see 'tis plain that you,
do to the *Scarlet Beast* belong,
And seek the Godly to undo,
by numbering up your former wrong:
Woe's we, poor *VVhiggs*, I see it plain,
we strive but now against the Stream,
But if we e'er get up again,
woe to each Blustering *Tory* then.

Tory.

Whigg, *England* is at last grown wise,
your Villanies are open laid,
And all your vile Hypocrisies,
in their own Colors are display'd,
No Cheat for *Publique-Faith* Money,
can you impose, cou'd you invent:
God bless the King is all our cry,
and hang up *Whiggish* Government.